Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

JACK'S AWAY.

Yes, Jack could do most anything, and do it mighty well;
What he knew would fill ten volumes; what he didn't—who could tell?
His temper was angelic and his tongue was always kind,
As a fresh and jolly joker, his match was hard to find;
He buzzed and hustled round and round, and yet 'twas very funny!
He never did, and never would, go in for makin' money.

Now when it came to farming, he knew exactly why
The crops were light, the prices low, the seasons wet or dry;
He often told the village merchant how to run a store,
And showed the parson just the way to make the devil sore;
'Twas fine to hear the shrewd advice he was forever givin',
And yet—to save his life—the man could never make a livin'.

The year diphthery, scarlet fever and the measles came,
He never tired of showin' where the doctors were to blame;
And when he talked on teachin', hotel keepin' and the law,
You know'd 'twas all compressed within the compass of his jaw;
Of all the men you ever seed he seemed the most disarvin',
Though—while he seldom paid a debt—his family was starvin'.

He'd lend the clothes from off his back, then turn around and borry,
But before you got your own returned you'd be both mad and sorry.
'Twas thus he buzzed his way through life, a puzzle and a care;
Without a foe, he made his friends and relatives despair,
And then outlived them all and died in peace at seventy-seven.
He made no money here below, he'll do without in Heaven.

—Browne Perriman, in Yankee Blade.

BY T. C. DE LEON.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

And, as the line moved slowly on, grave men and dainty women—and bright-faced little children too, scarce comprehending, but thus love-laden also—left their homes, keeping abreast it, but ever repelled by bayonets of the guard, intervalled along the column. But suddenly, around the corner of the Gray residence, just beyond, rode an officer of rank, a sedate, kindly-faced veteran with stars upon his shoulder, and followed by a glittering staff.

"Halt!" rang out from the captain of the guard, a command gladly obeyed by the prisoners. Spite of the piercing wind sweeping down the broad street, many of them crouched down to rest,

CAROLYN CLAY SCANNED THE PRISONERS WITH BLAZING EYES.

some lying prone upon the cold stones of the pavement, from sheer weakness. And it chanced the center of the line was directly opposite the residence.

From the closed lattice of her attic, Carolyn Clay scanned the prisoners, with blazing eyes, her hands clinching and a hot sigh coming, but never a tear, as some poor wretch tottered and sought the inhospitable couch of the roadway. But her pale lips quivered as they sent fervent supplication for these sufferers—strangers, yet brothers in their woe—up to the Throne's foot of the All-Father.

More than one face seemed familiar to her eyes, running swiftly down the line; some she had seen in camp, with more than one she had spoken, in the merry days of early war. Suddenly, as she looked, the woman gave a great gasp, the blood rushing to her ashen face, burning on either cheek in great red disks. And her long taper hands clutched the shutters fiercely, as though to fling them wide.

For there—coatless under the chilling wind, his prized thigh boots of camp dandyism replaced by ragged shoes, yet frank, defiant and with clear eyes flashing out of his cold-blued face—stood Evan Fauntleroy.

"Merciful God! Why am I so helpless? Oh, if I but dared!" Miss Clay cried aloud, as her hands dropped listless from the lattice. "Oh, if Bessie were but here! Father, aid me now!"

As though in answer to her prayer the door opened hastily, and the girl she longed for, running in panting, passed her arm about the other as she followed her gaze below.

"I thought of you, Caro, so helpless up here!" she gasped. "There might be some one you knew; some friend—"

"There! Evan, my cousin!" Carolyn Clay cried, trembling in her eagerness. "Thank God that He sent you! See the tall boy—no, not that—the coatless one! Bess, he is Evan—the one captured that night for me! You must—"

"All right! I know," the other answered, rapidly; and the warm kiss she paused to press on her friend's cheek told her that she was understood.

Down to the street at breakneck speed went the young girl, calling to a negro with coffee can as she snatched some bundles from the hall table and ran hatless into the cold air. For by this time the surging crowd—and in it some of the best and most noted blood of Maryland—was pressing close upon the guard, but still kept back by the barrier of rifles at "port."

Passing rapidly down the line, Bessie Westchester paused opposite Evan, working her way through the crowd, close up to the barrier of steel. Then, watching eagerly, she managed to catch his eye, and—the natural gallantry of the Virginian aided by the evident interest in her expressive face—held it fixed upon her. A puzzled look stole across the young scout's features, as he wondered whether her intent regard meant that they had met before. Evidently he had been singled out; for though a deeper tint dyed her soft cheeks, that gaze never left him, and to the query his eyebrows sent over the guard's shoulder came a scarce perceptible movement of her own, followed by the bare suspicion of a nodded assent. Not one bit a fop, Evan knew then that the girl had a message for him, or had possibly seen him before; and, standing coatless there under the biting wind, his elastic spirit carried him back to all scenes of his infrequent absences from home, and admiration for the pretty, graceful woman, so plainly interested in him, mingled with his wonderment sufficiently to make him forget his sorry plight and singular costume for the time.

"Can we not give the prisoners some coffee?" Bessie asked of the trim young lieutenant passing down the line. And she threw all the witchery of voice and face into the query.

"Very sorry, miss," the officer answered, courteously, pausing to raise his cap, then halting in evident admiration. "But our orders are very strict. It is positively forbidden to allow any intercourse—Fall back, there; Clear the roadway!" he interrupted himself suddenly.

The old general was riding, slowly and alone, down the line, looking on the captives with eyes that held more of pity than of curiosity. At the lieutenant's tone the people instinctively fell back to the sidewalk, long inured to authority and well taught the necessity of obedience to its behests. Only Bessie Westchester stood her ground, now left entirely alone by rapid retreat of her friends, but perfectly quiet and at ease.

"I beg pardon, miss," again the young lieutenant's hand went to his cap, the general now close upon them, but with face turned aside, "but I fear you did not hear."

"Oh, yes, I heard, thank you," she answered, with a smile and another glance into the young man's face that brought the color to it. Then, calmly and gracefully, as though waiting to receive a guest, the lithe little figure remained perfectly still in the very path of the slow moving horse, until his muzzle almost touched her hair. Then the little hand was raised to stroke his face; but the ungallant brute shied impatiently as though resenting caress from a stranger.

CHAPTER IX.

A BOON AND ITS RESULT.

The movement quickly turned the old general's eyes from the guarded line to the obstacle in his path, surprise now replacing the thoughtful pity in them. But before he could speak the girl was at his stirrup, her own eyes downcast, her voice quiet but beseeching, as she said:

"Pardon such boldness in a lady, and a stranger to you, Gen. Baldwin. I am Miss Bessie Westchester—"

"Relation of Howard Westchester, formerly of the artillery?" the old soldier asked, quickly.

"Yes, sir; his youngest child," Miss Bessie replied, with meekness of a budding saint.

"We were tent-mates in Mexico, my child," the veteran returned, warmly. "We rode into the Belen gate side by side."

"I am *so* glad!" the girl cried, frankly. "That emboldens me; though your unfailing courtesy and kindness are too well known to prevent any Baltimore girl asking a favor at your hands."

"Any favor, my dear young lady," the general began, warmly, checking himself suddenly, to add: "that is, any in reason."

The girl raised to his large, lustrous eyes, humid with piteous obsecration as she said:

"Not in reason, but in common humanity, I ask this one, Gen. Baldwin!" Never before had the petted belle striven to throw so much of glamour into her glance on favored partner in the dance, or best parti at watering-place, as now was given that gray-haired old soldier.

"Well, miss, I think you may safely ask," he answered, with kindly smile and lifting his plumed hat. "You do not look as if you could ask anything very dreadful."

"Then can we not have permission to give these poor fellows bread and coffee during their halt?" Spite of her trained tact, the woman's lips trembled with anxiety as they formed the plea.

"Um! There should be no communication between prisoners and citizens," the soldier answered, gravely. "Leniency has been so often abused of late, that I issued very strict orders."

"But you can stretch them a little, just this once," she pleaded, eagerly.

"My dear young lady," the answer came seriously, almost sternly—"who can tell but the simple kindness might be abused again? I fear I must—"

"But were I your daughter, instead of your old comrade's," she urged, quickly. "If you had a son—there!"

"I had one son," the veteran said, slowly, but his lips trembled—"a gallant boy, who sleeps at Cemetery Hill."

He turned his face aside; but the chance shot had gone to his heart. Turning calmly to the girl, he added, gently:

"For his memory—for that of Mexico—I will grant your request. Lieutenant, order the captain of the guard—"

"He is here, sir." The junior passed to the rear as the captain halted, saluting grimly, with a scowl with any-

"INSIDE POCKET—WARN HIM—DANGEROUS PAPER."

thing but kindliness in it towards his charges, as the general said:

"Captain, instruct your guard detail to permit the ladies—only the ladies—to serve food to the prisoners during the halt."

"My orders are very strict, general," the officer demurred, "from my colonel, in writing."

"Let me see them, sir." Very different was the tone from that the veteran had used to the girl. "Which is your regiment, sir?"

"Hundred and —th Indiana, sir—Col. Funkitt," the captain answered, extending a paper drawn from his belt.

Casting his eye over it, the general muttered to himself:

"Ah! I thought so; never been to the front!—Um! my own orders." Then he hastily penciled across the paper: "Abrogated for thirty minutes, at Baltimore only, at 9 a. m., December 8, 1863.—Baldwin, major general, commanding."

Handing it back without a word to the guard commander, he turned again to the girl, with lifted hat:

"I grant your request, Miss Westchester—for memory's sake and your own. Thirty minutes will be allowed, to the ladies only."

"Oh, thank you! thank you *so* much, general!" the girl cried; and the little hand went up warmly to the tall soldier's. He tore off his right gauntlet and took it gently in his own, as he stooped from the saddle, and added, lower:

"It is scarcely discipline, Miss Bessie; but it can do no harm; and your own honest face, your father's name, guarantee me that it will not be abused."

A scarlet flood dyed the girl's face, and her eyes fell beneath the grave, fatherly regard of the old soldier, as he released her hand and moved slowly on. Then she flew to the sidewalk to give the joyous tidings to mother and friends, not omitting another meaning glance at Evan Fauntleroy.

As Gen. Baldwin's eyes turned to that group of waiting men and women, they encountered a glowing pair of black ones fixed steadily upon him, their owner standing directly behind Mrs. Gilmor Gray, and wrapped in a heavy, dark ulster. A light of recognition passed over the general's face, and he made movement to check his horse, seeming about to speak. But the other man, with very slightest shake of his head, put his finger carelessly upon his lip, and the federal commander—the look of recognition on his face changing to one of contempt—turned his eyes toward the prisoners once more, riding slowly onward. As he passed out of view, his mute interlocutor raised his hat gracefully, saying over that lady's shoulder:

"A very sad spectacle, my dear Mrs. Gray!"

Turning quickly at the words, the matron started as her glance encountered the placid one of Peyton Fitzhugh.

"A piteous spectacle, indeed," she began, earnestly; but her younger daughter, coming up at the instant, looked full at the spy as she finished for her:

"And some of them are—Virginians!"

"Yes; that tall, coatless youth looks like one," he replied, unperturbed, but with a meaning glance that brought the blood to her cheek.

"Come, mamma, sister, we are wasting time." Bessie turned her back abruptly on her handsome "Dr. Fell," covering her wonder if he had caught her signals to Evan by directions to the bearers of the coffee-tins.

There was general movement by the women, as news of the merciful order spread, Mrs. Gray and Miss Westchester already near the line.

"Poor young devil! He looks so deuced cold," he said, distinctly. "Stop, Miss Bessie. Here, give him this."

As she turned in surprise, Bessie Westchester saw his tall figure clad in a light walking-suit, his hand extending to her the warm ulster, as he added, meaningly: "Not from me, of course; from yourself. He will prize it more, that way, and be more careful of it—than of his life and liberty."

Strangely enough, the graceful man was so awkward that he dropped the heavy coat, as the girl hesitated; but when he raised it her quick ear caught, from lips that scarce moved, the hurried whisper:

"Inside pocket—warn him—dangerous paper—extreme caution!"

With brain whirling from excitement and conjecture, with no time to think, the girl took the coat. And ere she could form one word of query—not direct enough for exposure if overheard—Fitzhugh had moved rapidly away.

A moment later, matron and maid, rebel sympathizer and union loyalist alike, were close at the long line of captives, eager for warm drink and food—more eager still for kindly word and touch of gentle hand; and bring back—home!

Strong food and steaming coffee, delicacies and warm wraps, were urged upon the needy men, their guards standing grim but not unsympathetic, as they warned back those pressing too far beyond their line.

"Thank you, miss, from my heart!" Evan Fauntleroy said, cheerily, as he drained his second cup of coffee and munched rapidly on a third buttermilk biscuit. "I'll never forget your face—your goodness to a stranger."

"Flattering, that! I owe you one, Mr. Evan Fauntleroy! 'Tis not often that gentlemen who have danced with Bessie Westchester forget her completely," the girl retorted with a bright smile and a mock courtesy that brought a grin to the stolid face of the sentry at her elbow. But the meaning in the eyes she fixed on the youth's belied her levity; and again the dark arched eyebrows spoke almost as plainly as words had done a quick caution to his sense trained in peril of the border. He knew some meaning would underlie her words, and his brain grew alert to unravel it.

"Your pretty cousin Carolyn is *so close* a friend to me, Mr. Fauntleroy, that she shall send you a message to mend your memory," Bessie ran on, glibly enough, but with heart in her very throat, lest she might say too much. "We were talking of you, *only this* morning. She is looking so well—*so contented*—now. I would not let her come out; there was too much risk—from the cold. But, had she *dreamed* you were here, she would have sent—indeed, you may *really accept*—her messages of love and cheer through me. She leaves for the north, *very* soon, to visit her mother and brother. *He* has been very sick, but is better now. I know that you are glad that she took no risk—from the weather—even if you miss seeing her. Perhaps"—again the girl's glance emphasized her words strongly and her brows moved slightly—"she may be looking at you from some window, now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUEER SALUTE.

How the Royal Ladies of Persia Were Once Strangely Greeted.

Dr. Wills, an Englishman who lived many years in Persia, says that until lately it was the rule that no male person over ten years of age should be found on the road over which a royal wife or daughter was to pass. A violation of the rule was punished with death. Even now, he says, Europeans wisely avoid unpleasantness by turning aside when they hear the shouts which indicate the approach of the "palace ladies," says the New York Morning Journal.

The late American minister, Mr. Benjamin, made a great mistake on one occasion by neglecting this precaution. With true American simplicity, he was accustomed to ride through the streets with only one servant. Meeting the procession one day, he failed to turn out of its path.

The result was that his servant was beaten and he himself was hustled into a by-road. The next day he duly lodged a complaint of his treatment, but he had to put up with the apology that, naturally, the royal servants would not recognize a "one-horse minister."

An Austrian officer of engineers, many years in the service of the shah, was wiser in his generation. He met the late queen-mother and royal ladies when he was on foot, turned his face to the wall like a native, and as each carriage passed deliberately saluted from the back of his head.

The ladies screamed with laughter and told the shah, who persuaded him to repeat his novel salutes, and then congratulated him on his discretion.

THE more the man who builds on the sand invests in his house the worse it will be for him.

BISMARCK'S DOGS.

Four-Footed Friends Who Were Thoroughly Reliable.

In his recent interview with Dr. Hans Blum, the national liberal politician, Prince Bismarck did not confine himself altogether to charging Caprivi with incompetence, Radowitz with drunkenness, and the late Empress Augusta with intriguing opposition, but at the suggestion of the princess related a few stories concerning his two faithful friends, the late imperial dogs, Sultan and Tiras.

"Whenever I went away from home," said Bismarck, "Sultan nosed about everywhere for me with every evidence of deep sorrow. Finally, he would always seek consolation in my military cap and my deerskin gloves, which he would carry in his mouth to my workroom and drop on the floor. He would then lie down with his nose on them, and would not leave them except for meals until I came back.

"Old Tiras, too, was very intelligent and faithful. I used to go to the reichstag through the garden behind the chancellor's palace, and thence through the Koniggratzer strasse. As I went out the gate into the street I would turn to Tiras, who had followed me so far, and say 'Reichstag' in my ordinary tone of voice. At once Tiras would drop head and tail and sneak back to the house. Once when I started out in uniform I left my walking stick just inside the garden wall. I returned four hours later from the reichstag, and as I entered the house I noticed that Tiras was not there as usual to welcome me. To my inquiry about the dog's whereabouts the watchman replied: 'He has stood for four hours at the back garden wall and will not let anybody go near your excellency's walking stick.' At Varzin one day I found by the roadside a wood-cart, which I thought had been stolen, because the wood was green. I told Tiras to watch it while I went tomake inquiries. Nevertheless, he began to sneak after me. I turned back and laid my glove on the cart and Tiras remained, watching it for more than an hour as if he had taken root in the ground.—Chicago Times.

TRAFFIC IN HEADS.

Picturesque Specimens Which Were Formerly Profitable Articles of Commerce.

In the gallery of the British museum which is devoted to ethnographical specimens there are four well-preserved maori heads. The tattooing of the one to the extrme left is beautiful in design and perfectly executed; it is an excellent specimen of facial marking as practiced in New Zealand. It must have belonged to some chief of long pedigree, and was no doubt once an honored relic.

Another of these heads, the second from the right, is of a different character. Its owner was undoubtedly hastily tattooed and slain. Compare the ugly, shapeless scrawls upon the left cheek, with the graceful markings on the nobler head. The pigment used must also have been very poor, and it was evidently applied in the most slovenly way. In many places the flesh has not retained the color; and the cuts caused by the tattooing instruments could not have been properly healed before the unlucky creature was done to death.

For a long time the maoris made these heads a very profitable article of traffic with Europeans, but finally the enormity of this trade was made palpable to the lagging authorities, and in 1831 the governor at Sydney issued a proclamation which had the effect of suppressing this scandalous traffic in what was little less than human lives.

One may, by an easy sequence of events, as has been shown, trace the dust of Alexander till they find it stopping a bung-hole; but surely the most fruitful imagination, unless assisted, as in this instance, by truth, could never possibly conceived anything so grewsomely grotesque as the idea of the head of some illustrious New Zealand warrior of yore, who had in life rejoiced in some such awe-inspiring name as Matutaera Te Pukepuke Te Pane Tu Karato Te-a-Potatau Te Wherowhero Tawhias o-te-Ngatimahuta being, toward the middle century, hawked about the streets of Sydney in a dirty old colored handkerchief.—Chicago Post.

Overcoming Evil.

If we wish to overcome evil we must overcome it by good. There are doubtless many ways of overcoming the evil in our own hearts, but the simplest, easiest, most universal is to overcome it by active occupation in some good word or work. The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts which haunt the soul, against the heedless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little doubts will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will be less and less troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.—Detroit Free Press.

Explained.

Miss Footlight—Why do you suppose that burlesque actress wanted her jewelry buried with her?

Mrs. Stager—To avoid having it appraised.—Jewelers' Weekly.

—When a person considers himself as "one in a thousand" he naturally regards the others as ciphers.—Boston Transcript.